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The Commonweal

October 20, 1950

The Labor Party's Colonial Record

MICHAEL P. FOGARTY

Germany: No More Uniforms?

CLARA MENCK

Incident in Korea

JEROME SMILEY

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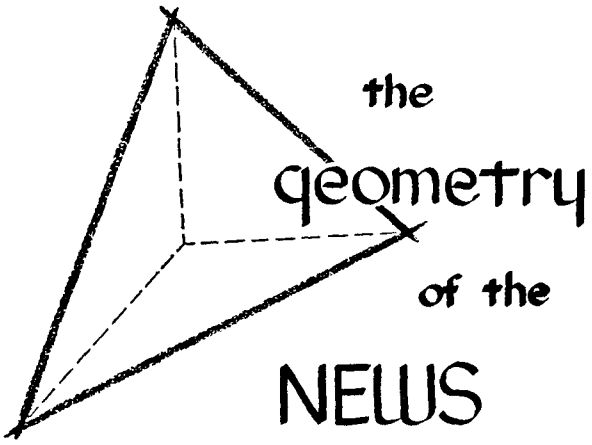

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Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 10th day of October, 1950.

Vincent J. Moses
(My term expires March 30, 1952.)

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The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

Act of Faith

THE distant island of Formosa, where the United States fleet is presumably still on guard, continues to present a puzzle for us. There is much to commend letting well enough alone. According to recent accounts the people of Formosa are happy and getting along better than ever before. The Chiang regime, which allows considerable local autonomy and has gone in for certain self-reforms, is not unpopular.

So long as the Chiang Government holds sway there, this "unsinkable aircraft carrier" will not be in anti-American hands. And the continuance of that regime as a functioning government gives the sizable resistance to Mao within China a focus which would otherwise be lacking. As a continuing opposition, the Chiang Government retards subjugation of the Chinese mainland, and further Asiatic conquests, by the Chinese Communists—merely by existing. If the UN decision should be to dislodge the Nationalists, one more barrier would be down.

If Formosa could continue as it is right now, the eagerness of this country's representatives at the UN in pressing for a change would be harder to fathom. But final defeat of the North Koreans is to bring, for one thing, withdrawal of the Seventh Fleet from Formosan waters. The threat of Communist invasion would revive.

Formosa's undefined status would then militate against a UN intervention similar to the Korean action. The Chinese Nationalists have yet to demonstrate that by themselves they could defend the island.

In the offing also is our peace treaty with Japan. The fate of Formosa and its eight million people will have to be defined in this treaty. There is much doubt whether the Cairo declaration of 1943—which ceded Formosa to the Chinese—has validity now that other promises have been violated.

Finally there is the American tradition favoring self-determination, which grows in importance and appeal as the Russians extend their domain. Our sponsorship in the UN of a full-fledged inquiry and debate of the Formosan question is a forceful means of demonstrating our adherence to the principles of human liberty and self-government.

Who Ordered Cheese-cake?

AMONG the less cosmic decisions in recent weeks was one involving Miss Margaret O'Brien of Hollywood, California. Someone decided that Miss O'Brien was sufficiently grown-up now for her first "real kiss." And so the poor little rich girl was hurried across the country to meet the nation's Number 1 kisser (nothing too good for our movie moppets), an amiable gentleman 71 years old—the Vice President of the United States, Alben W. Barkley.

A stranger might marvel at the sheer gall of Miss O'Brien's advisers and even more at Mr. Barkley's willingness to play his assigned role in this side-show. But here among us it was merely an incident. We are used to our Hollywood stars' getting their pictures in the papers for all kinds of reasons, some of them weirder than this chaste puberty rite. And the ageing Veep's vim has long been among his more endearing assets. Lese majesty? What's majestic about Kentucky's Kissing Kid? All right, so he's Vice President. And Margaret O'Brien is a nice kid at the awkward age who needed the publicity. That's the way most of us, including Mr. Barkley, probably looked at it. Remember the picture of Truman, with Lauren Bacall perched on the piano? Barkley didn't break any traditions.

Another minor item found in a gossip column, passed on word that Luxembourg's Ambassador to the US has complained about Ethel Merman's new musical, "Call Me Madam," a comedy sup-

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• NEXT WEEK •

JEROME D'SOUZA explains the position Pandit Nehru took on the United Nations' Korean action.

"America's intervention in Korea brought about a change in many sections of public opinion. The instinctive distrust of any military intervention by Western powers on the continent of Asia came to the surface again. Anti-American propagandists exploited it to the fullest extent. They represented the UN intervention in Korea as an American imperialist maneuver. Pandit Nehru's cautious handling of the situation did not gain complete acceptance."

posedly having some connection with Mrs. Perle Mesta, our chief diplomat in his country. The new musical, the Ambassador is said to feel, treats Mrs. Mesta's office—and his country—with less than due respect. Mrs. Mesta herself, who was photographed not long ago with Miss Merman and Miss Margaret Truman, has made no public complaint.

Reports from overseas have it that there is some complaint about the Hollywood films being shown in Europe. Our contemporary, *America* (October 14), regrets that "not only is Hollywood exporting everything it is currently producing, without the slightest attempt at selection, but is digging up trash five, ten and fifteen years old which gives a totally false picture of American life and culture." The *America* writer adds: "What is more astounding, such a newspaper as *Wiener Kurier*, sponsored by the US Military Government, will carry, in news columns usually devoted to important UN speeches and documents, announcements of bathing-beauty contests in connection with cheap US films. This 'strange propaganda stew' has the Commies chortling in delight."

The unhappy thought occurs to us that perhaps Hollywood's picture is truer than we like to admit. In America bathing-beauty contests and important speeches *do* go hand in hand. That is the way things are, and probably the Commies will have to make of it what they will. The plain fact is that Hollywood more than the State Department has made us what we are. *Wiener Kurier* would seem to have hit on just about the right balance.

No Ways Out

THE United States is now arguing for the nailing up of the trap doors in the UN structure. This is a bit embarrassing, since it was the United States and the other big powers who gave not-especially-tacit approval in San Francisco to the Soviets' insistence upon the veto. Now, lessons have been learned at a large price. In spite of early hesitation on the part of the English and French, the United States, England, France and four other countries have proposed something that would be the greatest step in modern history towards the enforcement of peace.

The United States asks this: When action to stop violation of the peace is vetoed in the UN

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Security Council, the General Assembly would immediately call itself into emergency session. It would consult its own observers at the scene of the tension. If it proved necessary, it would call on UN members to send previously prepared units of their military establishments to fight the aggressor. This action in the General Assembly would require two-thirds agreement, the agreement, as Mr. Dulles said, of "nations which have a devotion to peace that cannot be questioned, and which, by no stretch of the imagination, can be regarded as conspirators to war." And Dulles also said that a two-thirds vote, representing as nearly as it would a majority of the world's informed public opinion, would represent what our government considers the most responsible of all the forces influencing human events. Our government would respect its judgments.

The inevitable question is how the Soviets will react to this plan. So far, they have been conciliatory and dilatory. The former almost certainly for the sake of the latter. They are again at work building trap doors, and planning works which will be receptive to monkey wrenches. It is too late in the day to believe anything else. But the Soviets alone cannot prevent the General Assembly from adopting the plan.

If this plan is realized, the security of the non-Soviet nations would be guaranteed by the world's free nations, not just by America's good will limited by America's strategic capabilities. With this world cut in half, it is hard to see anything that could do more for free society.

A Promise

THE harder the Soviets have pressed their challenge on the free world, the more the free peoples have resorted, by way of response, to the principle that in union there is strength. The Marshall Plan, the Atlantic Pact, European Union and the collective action taken in Korea through the United Nations, have all been applications of the same principle. "The growing unity of free men the world over," says Secretary Acheson, "is our hope and our promise."

If that is true, then the core of this unity, the heart of our hope, lies in the movement to unify Europe. To us, as Americans, the Union of Europe, like our own Union, seems so logical, so inevitable, that we are inclined to expect it to materialize overnight, as though it were something that could be bought with dollars rather than something that will be born only in pain and with patience.

At two recent meetings—one held in the Waldorf-Astoria in New York and the other at the British seaside resort of Margate—Europeans served notice on all of us that their Union will be born only after the customary period of labor.

At the Waldorf meeting of the Foreign Ministers, France prevented for the time being the formation of a European army that would include German troops. The French believe that their plan for uniting the coal and steel industries of the Continent, the Schuman Plan, must come first, it being the horse that must draw the military cart behind it. That, they say, is the way to control Germany.

But at Margate, at the annual British Labor Party convention, the Laborites reaffirmed their determination not to join this economic union proposed by France. The Schuman Plan, say the Laborites, is the wrong kind of economics. It does not provide for the social ownership of the coal and steel industries, it is not socialist planning for full employment. So the British want no part of it.

What we have, then, is a situation in which the two leading powers of Europe, though both committed to the idea of Union, are unable to pursue a common economic life, or an adequately co-ordinated defense of all Europe, or a common attitude toward the third great power of Europe, Germany. At this time European Union is more a hope and a promise than it is a fact.

Americans, with their restless urge to get things done, may be disturbed over this state of affairs, and rightly so, since there is not much time left for the West to get together. Among us there will surely be further signs of impatience, of a mental weariness with the intricate complex of European life—complaints that the British are suspicious Socialists, that the French are more interested in an international cartel than in the defense of Europe, that the Germans are either unregenerated Nazis or despondent defeatists.

And so it is not with dollars alone that European unity will be bought. The promise of union depends upon our capacity to understand another Continent and its people, upon our capacity for patience even under the present stress of events, even when disagreements are serious, even when we plead for union. That is the way it has to be with free peoples, and it is this patience on our part, as much as anything else right now, that will preserve the idea of freedom itself and so keep the Atlantic nations together in pursuit of their highest hopes.

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Force

POWER corrupts what? For one thing, it corrupts intellects, because force offers a simple (costly, yes, but simple) method of action in situations where intellectual and social action would be complex and tedious. And an atmosphere of dependence upon power is something like an atmosphere of mustard gas: not much else survives. That is the reason the present American foreign policy has a fragile basis. If public opinion in the United States should be stampeded, if, to use one of Mr. Acheson's favorite phrases, we fail to preserve steady nerves, the policy will collapse. And it seems to me that there are signs of a movement of panic in this country. It may be something temporary and foreseen, a result of new responsibilities. On the other hand it might be those first stirrings.

It is worth talking about, anyway, because when one is in a place, the movement of opinion is likely to carry him along. Such things become clearer if one removes himself to the still air. For me, this has consisted of wandering in Europe without a knowledge of European languages; seeing Americans against a foreign backdrop.

★

THIS chain of thought was provoked on one dry, cool evening, a summer Sunday, August 20, when flares were burning in the 200-odd archways that form the upper walls of the ruins of the Roman Colosseum. From the outside this jumping light in the ruins made them grotesquely suggestive of a skull with a candle in it. People moved about in the openings, looking down at a gathering crowd of around 1,500 Italian, German and American college students. The Americans were members of a pilgrimage of Catholic students which had just arrived in Rome. They were attending this joint rally as an expression of American support for Pax Romana, the international Catholic student movement which was to hold its rally in Rome a week later. This whole situation had not been explained to the Americans, who knew only that they were testifying with European students to their common Faith. They had been given the impression that they were to take part in a significant anti-Communist action.

The arena, where the martyrs or the football field might be expected to be, is a havoc of works built in the Middle Ages when the Colosseum was used as a fortress. The speakers' platform was built out on top of these at one end, and at the other was a cross of flares. To one side, mostly hidden in the darkness, was a brass band.

It was a dark night, the moon was in the first quarter, and the torches were frantic in the light wind of the Roman summer night. The voices of the Italian speakers on the public address system were animated and their echoes clattered about inside the walls. When the three groups were welcomed, the Italians replied with their rocking chant: *Viva il Papa! Viva il Papa! Viva il Papa! Viva, viva, viva!* The Germans were led by a powerful untrained singer, and twice sang their marching hymn, as their color bearers, with huge Chi Rho banners, spread out around the inner wall. The Way of the Cross was recited while the Germans with the flags walked slowly around the perimeter of the arena. They were all in leather shorts, and carried the flags out away from their bodies with stiff, straight arms so that the flagstaffs angled back up above them.

★

THE two main addresses were by American churchmen. The rally was basically an American affair, anticipating the Pax Romana meeting. It was paid for by the Americans; Italian Catholic Action merely handled the arrangements. For most of the American students, it was the first and last contact with European students, and it seemed to me sad that the only contact was at something as uncomfortably spectacular as that rally. The Americans, boys in suits and white shirts, girls in summer dresses, wearing hats, were in contrast to the Germans who were tanned and dressed carelessly in shorts and khaki shirts. And what the Americans said later indicated that they had felt rather uncomfortable about this contact with the organized and capable Europeans, and about the part they were taking in the rally. They hadn't quite fit in. The politics which is made up of movements and marches has gears that mesh evenly and efficiently and largely. It is something Americans find rather awesome. It is impossible to say what other reasons there were for the uncomfortableness expressed by the students. The only reason I had given to me was that the rally, in its pageantry and emotionalism, had seemed very much like pre-war Nazi youth meetings. Two of the veteran students made that remark.

I had felt depressed by the affair, and walked

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out into the vaulted passageways where people, bored with the interminable triple translations, were smoking and talking in low voices. This was my feeling: The half-dozen speeches were of the unity of the world's Catholic youth against the threat of atheistic movements. The American Catholic youth, they said, were one with European Catholics in their devotion to the Church and their opposition to Communism. Christ was with them, they said, and victory was certain. But as they went on, I felt that in the marches and noise of the rally, in this business of demonstrations, in what was being said, there was not being made an appeal to spiritual strength and charity, but to loyalty. The Americans' power in numbers and political strength was as silently present as the underpart of an iceberg. There was implied the reliance upon size and strength that is inescapable when Communism is incarnate in a sizable and strong totalitarian state. The point that seemed forgotten was that size and strength have to be accompanied by economic reconstruction, a regime of justice, and an air of freedom, or the opposition to Communism becomes farcical. For a radical defeat of Communism, there will have to be the radical virtue of Christian charity. All this the people who conducted the rally must have known, but in the noise and echoing light that evening, the victory of Christianity seemed not to be a matter of hope and faith, but a sure thing.

★

TRAVELING through Europe, one loses contact with the days and hours of politics. Korea becomes a subject of good or bad reports, but always of distant reports. One reads the European *Herald Tribune* and its war dispatches. One knows what is happening, but the sensation is gone of being in touch with the creation and fulfilment of what is reported to have happened. One sees the overseas *Newsweek,* and it has a cover story on the Russian soldier tagged "rule for survival: know your enemy."

But the main impact of the change in the American atmosphere waits for one at home. When I arrived in New York the news had piled up and it was given to me point by point. Louis Johnson had resigned and had been replaced by General Marshall. The Russians were unexpectedly conciliatory. Secretary Matthews had advocated preventive war.

And Sunday, some Catholic children in a Fifth Avenue parade carried banners saying "Let's Atom Bomb Russia Before She Bombs Us." Secretary of the Treasury Snyder told a business association that Russia was an aggressor nation which "had become jealous of [American] prosperity." "They are a people which understand only force."

★

ONE begins to feel a peculiar state of mind in the United States this fall. A resigned conviction that the war is on. People work on the assumption that peace may yet be had, but they live with the assumption that war is sure. The events of the spring and summer, each of them unavoidable, many of them essential for the survival of the free world, have silently added weight to a state of mind, a belief common enough before the last months: the belief in force, the reduction of the East-West struggle solely to a power struggle.

How far can power go? Uncomprehending power. Force is useful so long as it is a tool of policy. It is the sword by which the wielder dies when it is used without understanding; when an essential means becomes the only means. The fact about Communism is that it is a perversion of a good, and an exploitation of injustice. It answers the call of the thirsty, even though it does it with sea-water. It is not, then, answered and silenced by force. It fails to perform like the enemy whom we were to whip at 7 o'clock in the morning.

That, I think, is why there is a "neutrality" sentiment in Europe, and why, even now, when the idea of neutrality has been somewhat discounted, responsible Europeans feel uncertain about the United States, and distrust the consistency and prudence of our conduct of foreign affairs. Europeans have had a belly-full of force, and that, I believe, is why France's M. Schuman is so stubbornly insisting upon a European economic union as foundation for European defense. He has said: "To be in a position to defend peace by arms is the traditional method, but it is not the only way, nor the best. . . ."

The dilemma of the situation is that increased military power is now absolutely necessary. Yet we have to walk the knife edge, building material power, and still refusing to permit our minds and our faith to be corrupted by the power we control. For Communism itself cannot be shot between the eyes. But if that belief, fatal simplification that it is, should grow in this country, and should undermine the policy of military defenses plus economic and social reconstruction that the United States has dedicated itself to, then we would be likely to find that force is useless, for what we would defend would be ashes.

WILLIAM PFAFF.

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The Labor Party's Colonial Record

Britain's Government fears that whatever it does in the colonies "makes no emotional impact."

By MICHAEL P. FOGARTY

ON THE face of it, Labor's colonial record these last five years—economic, social, and political—is good. Four hundred million pounds' worth of major economic projects were under way in the colonies, or definitely approved, by last spring. Another £100,000,000 of investment in health, education and other social services was included in ten year development plans already approved and under way. The colonies themselves will, of course, pay part of the bill. But a good fat slice of the funds will come from Britain.

Results have naturally come slower than commitments. The (governmental) Overseas Food Corporation's East African groundnut fiasco is a monument to the truth that, if you try for results in a hurry in an undeveloped and therefore unpredictable country, the one thing reasonably certain is that you will not get results. But in fields like health and education, where it is easier to start by instalments than it is with major economic projects, results are already coming through. Consider these figures for Malaya:

	Pre-war	1949
Infant mortality (Singapore)	130	72
Schools open	2,521	3,949
Teachers	7,000	17,000
Children in school	263,000	581,000

On the educational front five new universities, in Malaya, East Africa, Nigeria, the Gold Coast and Jamaica have been added since the war to the two (Malta and Hong Kong) inherited from before it. Trade unions in the colonies date almost entirely from after 1940; today their membership is 600,000. Cooperative movements and Government-organized social welfare, now widespread, also date mostly from since the war. And the most fascinating story of all is the work of the teams engaged in mass education for community development, notably in Africa.

On the political side, the whole colonial scene has been transformed. Burma, India, Ceylon, and Pakistan have moved right out of dependent colonial status. Malta, the West Indies, and West Africa are a long way forward along the same road. A Caribbean Federation, strong enough, in the not very long run, to stand on its own feet and achieve Dominion status, is now in the blue-print stage. Racial difficulties and in some cases the backwardness of the native peoples have held up progress in East Africa and East Asia. But even here there are new constitutions and substantial advances towards self-government.

This all adds up to a record of which Britain has no need to be ashamed, especially when the devastation and disorganization in the Asiatic territories after the Japanese had done with them is borne in mind.

And yet Labor is worried, and there is a great examination of conscience going on. "Labor," in this case, has a rather specialized meaning. The average rank-and-file party member could hardly care less about colonies, beyond a vague feeling that they ought to be liquidated. Those who do care are, on the one hand, the Government and, on the other, the small unofficial band centered around the Fabian Colonial Bureau.

The Bureau includes most of the Labor people who are really concerned about the colonies. It is the one non-Governmental Labor agency which keeps an expert finger on the colonies' pulse. In the true Fabian tradition, it is an agency for research and information rather than for pressing a particular line of policy. Unlike the Government, which naturally prefers to examine its conscience in private, it has no inhibitions about criticizing the Colonial Office, the Party, or indeed itself. And all this makes it by far the best place to look if you want to know, in colonial matters, what is on Labor's mind.

★

AS THE Fabians see it, colonial policy is a race against time. This is not something they have thought of since the Communists began to advance into East Asia. It rests on experience of the difficulty of reconciling conflicting

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objectives in the colonies except by moving very fast. Self-determination is one of these objectives, but *only* one: that is the point.

In principle (I am quoting, in what follows, directly from Colonial Bureau documents) policy should consider the individual and the family before the nation, or rather should consider the nation only as a means to their welfare. In the colonial context, the main problem of the individual and family is mere subsistence and the elements of social justice. Recent experience in Asia shows only too clearly how easily these things can be lost by premature national self-determination, and the political disturbance which goes with it. But experience (notably in India and Burma) also shows that one cannot hold up self-determination indefinitely while a colonial people is being equipped to handle its own economic and social problems, or ripening in political democracy. The race is, therefore, to equip each colony or group of colonies with at least the foundations of a reasonable social system and national income before the day of self-determination dawns.

This race is run under a heavy handicap. In Britain and the colonies alike, people expected something dramatic when Labor came to power. In Britain it was possible to give it to them. There was at hand a body of well-matured reforms, corresponding exactly to what people had come to expect and demand, and ready to go straight into effect. The British people got their drama. And when the play was over and Utopia was still round the corner out of sight, they were prepared not to shoot the performers because they were friends and neighbors and one could see that they were doing their best.

★

IN THE colonies there has been no such agreement on what is to be done. The colonial peoples have wanted a dramatic advance towards freedom. The British Government has insisted that they must be made capable of earning a decent income and of raising it by their own efforts: and they must be given a social structure and technique on which stable and progressive governments can be based, and governments (that is politicians) capable of maintaining these social foundations and building on them. Peoples and governments have pulled in different directions, and the friction and suspicion resulting have been aggravated because the governments are alien to the peoples.

What worries Labor today is the fear that because of these frictions the race is being lost. "Everywhere in the colonies" ran an editorial in a recent number of the Fabian colonial journal *Venture,*

> "the spirit of nationalism is rampant; the hatred of the white man mounts. Every few months there are reports of disturbances, often accompanied by bloodshed. . . . Whatever good we do . . . makes no emotional impact. It is infinitely more important today to understand where we are failing than to preen ourselves on our solid achievements."

★

PART of the trouble is that the amount of money and effort going into the colonies, considerable as it is, still falls short of what is required to keep national incomes, which are also the sinews of social reform, advancing far enough ahead of the rising tide of population.

Asia as a whole—I am not thinking only of the British colonies, which indeed have done relatively well—earns today a smaller proportion of the world's income than before the war. Indeed, it has lost ground absolutely, as well as relatively. Over the continent as a whole, standards of nutrition are still actually lower than before the war. Appreciation of this problem lies behind Labor's demand for a World Plan for Mutual Aid, announced with a flourish last August, as also the Commonwealth plan for South and South-East Asia, which is now being given its finishing touches.

But what worries informed Labor opinion most is that phrase "Whatever good we do . . . makes no emotional impact." To win the race to lay the foundations of freedom in the colonies it is necessary not merely to pour in capital and re-organize institutions from above, but to secure the active cooperation of the peoples themselves. And it is at this point of getting through to the people—and of winning and holding their confidence long enough to do so—that, so the Fabians are stressing, Labor's colonial policy is breaking down. It is still a policy from above; it has not yet called forth a corresponding effort from below.

That is partly because of what might almost be called the technical defects in the way British policy has been presented in the colonies. We have lacked the imagination to see how policies would look from the other end of the line. No one, for instance, who knows the Labor Party would accuse it of devotion to the principle of white supremacy. But the Government has managed over and over again to give the impression that it can be bullied or cajoled by Dr. Malan or the white settlers of East Africa into conceding what in principle it flatly rejects.

More fundamental is the fact that so much of recent colonial policy, though certainly benefiting the colonies, has been manifestly designed to

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serve also the interests of Great Britain or the Commonwealth as a whole. It is wholly admirable for the Government's Development Corporations to sponsor in the colonies projects for the production — as in the groundnut scheme — of articles required in Britain. One of the great needs of the colonies is precisely for reliable markets in the industrially advanced countries. But the Labor movement should be the first to appreciate that altruism is less convincing when it pays high dividends; as it has never hesitated to point out to business men who claimed, with some justice, to be responsible for the present high standard of living in Great Britain.

★

THE charge that British Colonial development policy puts the accent more on British than on colonial interests can be backed with evidence of many kinds. But the real sting of this charge lies in the difference of Labor's attitude to those respectively richer and poorer than its own chief supporters. The population of Britain belongs to the world's richest ten per cent, and is on the average five or six times as well off as its opposite numbers in the colonies. The richest ten per cent of the population of Britain is also five or six times as well off, before tax, as the rest of the people. The other 90% therefore, quoting the ancient Christian tradition of how those who have a surplus should dispose of it, expect the rich to contribute to their needs on no small scale.

If the British people as a whole contributed to the needs of the colonies in the same proportion as they expect their richer compatriots to contribute to their own, they would be offering the colonies something like £1,500,000,000 a year in free grants. The actual annual expenditure—I am talking, remember, of free grants, not investments on the repayment of debt—is not much over £15,000,000. I know the two cases are not quite parallel. The surplus of the (by Western standards) rich man is more truly a surplus than that of the Western worker. But the £1,650,000,000 a year that we in this country spend on drink, tobacco, and entertainment (mostly films and betting) does not all, or even most of it, come from the rich. It is really rather striking that when British socialists levy ransom from the rich they fix the figure at 3 in the £, but when they put their hands in their own pockets to contribute to the poor they find they can only afford a halfpenny.

Finally, one of the biggest difficulties in the way of getting through to the colonial peoples is the lack of personal contact between them and people from the British Isles.

NONE of these difficulties is without a remedy. Imagination costs nothing, so long at any rate as it is kept out of technical matters, for instance groundnuts. We — meaning first and foremost the Government—are resigned today to putting our hands deeper into our pockets for the colonies' benefit; though I wait with interest to see whether the Government will dip as deep as I personally think desirable. And the scope for improving personal contacts hits you on every page of official reports on colonial progress. We need more men and women who will make their careers in the colonies. But we also want an ever-changing mass of others who will go out for short spells to start the ball rolling in their own fields; living hard, if necessary, in a spirit of service rather than of making money; and living *with* the people, like missionaries, not over and apart from them. And I think we could get them if we tried. Once again, I wait with interest to see whether the Government will in fact try hard enough.

At a rather different level, when so many students are pouring into British universities from the colonies, why not a few hundred, or thousand, scholarships to take British students to the colonial universities?

Ideas of this sort will of course have to be sold to the people of this country. It can be done: I am quite certain of that. But at the moment people are not much interested. Colonies are not a subject on which one wins or loses elections. And this comes back once again to the reluctance, which I have touched on in previous COMMONWEAL articles, of the older Labor leaders to recognize that they have now to sell a completely new set of ideas to the British public. Their predecessors, one or two generations back, put out a colossal and at the time apparently unrewarding sales effort, whose benefit accrued to the present socialist generation in 1945. You have to make the market for new models in politics as much as in business.

Slowly, very slowly, the Party is realizing that it has been living in a time when the market was ready-made, and the problem was primarily, so to speak, one of production: but now it must switch back to the sales side. A new set of problems, in which the public is not at present much interested, have to be built up into election issues if Labor is to have an appeal beyond the next few years.

The colonies are one such issue. It may be—I think this can quite fairly be said — that the Party's mind is moving faster here. If so, the Fabians and Arthur Creech Jones, who was Secretary of State for the Colonies until the last election, can claim their share of the credit as well as Stalin.

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No More Uniforms?

GERMAN rearmament is, at the moment, the favorite subject of speculation in this country. German journalists discreetly started the discussion a year and a half ago. After Chancellor Adenauer's first interview on the subject last spring, there followed numerous editorials, forums and a great deal of every-day talk about it.

All this has indicated a general unwillingness among Germans of all classes to go to war or to be soldiers again. The voices of former officers who want a German army are nearly lost in this chorus.

In the US this attitude seems to cause bewilderment, the more so since the Korean crisis. It seems that many Americans find only one explanation for this unwillingness: the Germans do not want to take sides; they shy away from the responsibility of choosing because they do not want to spoil their chances in the East. But nothing would be less true than such an over-simplified picture.

Certainly, there were and are many who try to worm their way between East and West. They are to be found among the opponents of German rearmament, and the Communists try to use them for their purposes, circulating among them anti-American propaganda with pacifistic slogans. But among the loudest advocates of rearmament are some German appeasers. And this new type of fellow-traveler is considered most dangerous by many Germans who always choose the Western side. There are, they say, two specimens of the fellow-traveler in Germany: the "small fry" who shy away from decisive acts and hope for a personal peace with the Soviets, and the would-be politicians who, by way of a detour of extreme nationalism, are out for big game: their ambition is to barter not for personal security, but for provinces, and for them, an army means a handy coin—handy to bargain with after defeats as well as after victories.

Little is known about the real aims of such circles as that of the Nazi General Remer (the man who suppressed the revolt of July 20, 1944); or of the "Bruderschaft," a union of high officers of the last war; or of the underground groups, such as the "Scheinwerfer." Less still is known about their relations wth one another. But they are all promoters of German rearmament. Democratic-minded Germans think the West would be playing with fire if it used these circles to build up a German army or German divisions.

From discussions I had with a group of French journalists, I got the impression that French opposition to German rearmament is not the consequence of the almost classical fear of Germany's being a danger to France. They, too, are afraid of German nationalists' using German troops for their own purposes in the East without considering the common aims of Western Europe.

SO THE willingness of German democratic-idealists to "do their share for the defense of Europe" is cooled off when they think of the number and the well-known ruthlessness of some of their future bed-fellows. And there are more reasons than that: in the first place, they doubt the military value of German troops: only a totalitarian power could make Germans good soldiers today. The mood of "being fed up with it," which I found among all the veterans of the last war I talked with, may be a weakness from a moral point of view, but it is a fact. And this fact should be taken into account, since politics cannot be limited merely to its moral or logical aspects. To the psychologist this mood is the effect of six years of war, of a captivity often not much shorter, and of a return without glory.

There are, of course, exceptions. The office of the French Foreign Legion, which enlisted volunteers after the war, was then crowded by those who were not successful in settling down. But there will be fewer unemployed willing to enlist now, since social security benefits are working well today. And, since the general distrust of Germany in Continental Europe will "permit" the recruiting of only some few divisions of infantry, with no specialized troops, German soldiers would be convinced that they were good enough only to stop a bullet. One often hears this argument now, and if it spreads it will add to a general demoralization.

This picture does not correspond to the widespread idea of Germans' "liking" to be soldiers. Those Germans who experienced the first days of the last two wars know that there was a lack of enthusiasm and a mood of defeatism common among the recruits in 1939, a mood quite different from the wave of patriotism in 1914. The majority of Germans in the second world war were good soldiers because they were forced to be: it was less dangerous to be a good soldier than to avoid enlisting.

★

THERE are also arguments of a political kind against rearmament, arguments used by those who are inclined neither to appeasement nor to preventive war. A German army, or German divisions, would not reduce but would enlarge the danger of a conflict. The "Volkspolizei" (people's police) of the Eastern zone would immediately be transformed into an army, and that zone would be integrated more closely into the chain of satellite states.

Or, even if the Soviets refrained from recruiting in Germany, their propaganda in West Germany would stand to gain if the West recruited Germans. In the West, a rearmament would mean remilitarization, that is, it would strengthen the influence of former military circles even in a democratic-minded government. Large masses of the Left would, as a consequence, be alienated and fall easy prey to Communist propaganda. If the Socialist-democratic minority must give in to rearmament, even their autocratic party-boss, Dr. Schumacher (an opponent of rearmament), would not be able to prevent a dangerous radical drift among Leftists.

While these arguments are used by people who have

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already committed themselves to the West, things are more muddled still for the young who would be the future soldiers. For some intellectuals, whose world is built up from books, "dying for democracy and freedom" has a real meaning. But for those whose world is limited to their experiences in every-day life, freedom and democracy are ideals with no reality. In a country where one cannot change one's apartment nor one's job without being bothered by bureaucrats, where unemployment is great and chances for youngsters are small, where the government trembles lest it be rebuked by the High Commissioners, democracy is not so very convincing. The difference between this and life in the Eastern zone seems only relative to these young people. They surely prefer to live in the West and are afraid of the Russians, but rearmament today would be too difficult a test for their new-found political convictions. After giving up National Socialism for the wonderful idealism of One World in 1945, even the most serious among them were not prepared for the fast change of the last few years. They count on their fingers the shifting attitudes they have had to take concerning Russia: contra in 1937, pro in 1939, contra during the war, pro in 1945, contra now. What George Orwell wrote in *Nineteen Eighty-four,* many of them will express by shrugging their shoulders: "What will be the next turn?"

★

GIVEN all these attitudes, the dilemma of German politics is clear enough: the independence and sovereignty of the West German Republic would be furthered by a German army, or even by German divisions in a European army—this is the point of view of many on the Right. This army would, however, give a dangerous, militarist bias to German democracy—this is the point Leftists underline. But this latter danger would diminish, representatives of the European movements add, when anti-Bolshevist Europe is united.

People who are well acquainted with the German youth—social workers, teachers, etc.—will put the problem as follows: the issue of German rearmament, within the next ten years, means a decision as to whether America wants to build up Germany and Europe with groups who are right now, it is true, skeptical and not easily convinced, but who will be able eventually to have convictions of their own and who will be willing to fight for them in due time; or whether America wants to build a future with those groups who are "pliable as a glove," as Maritain says. The fear is that America will sacrifice a slow development toward real democracy for questionable military support at the moment.

All those who, for these various reasons, resist the idea of German rearmament realize very well that defending West Germany without German troops means a heavy sacrifice for the people of the United States. But they think a consolidation of West Germany, better relations with France and a faster buildup of Europe would be, in the long run, a surer way to an integration of the Western World.

CLARA MENCK.

Communications

No More Crusades

Paterson, N. J.

TO THE EDITORS: Reader Hendricks [Sept. 29] appears to have written off the people of Britain as a pretty bad lot. But I venture to suggest that they have not declined to the degree that your correspondent implies. He could only fish out of his history book victories up to and including Trafalgar, but there were many great achievements of the British long after 1805. In fact it was only ten years ago, when the immortal phrase "their finest hour" was coined during the Battle of Britain. The "young and old" mentioned by Donald Attwater, not only experienced war on the traditional battlefield, but also witnessed the devastation of their homes, churches and places of work, right in the heart of their homeland. In World War II the whole British nation was in the front line, and the housewife needed as much courage in an air raid as her son did fighting in the deserts of Africa. That courage is still there in Britain today. This nation gave its all in the fight for victory—a hollow one at that. Some nations gained materially and economically through the war, but for the British, it has meant a long period of sacrifice and austerity. The generosity of America has contributed a tremendous amount, but the people themselves have set about with their traditional courage and have gone a long way towards recovery. It has brought home to them the cost of another war, so can one blame them if they show no enthusiasm towards further world conflict?

But all this by no means implies that the British have a defeatist attitude over the current threat of Communism. Moreover, ever since the uneasy truce created after World War II, they have been fighting Communists in the Far East. The graves of the soldiers in Malaya, Burma, and now Korea, answer Mr. Hendricks' doubts in this matter.

I can but wholeheartedly endorse your correspondent's sentiments concerning the necessity of unity among the nations of the Christian world—but why fool ourselves with all this talk of crusades? The war in Korea is no more a crusade against Communism, than the last Great War was a crusade against Fascism. The free world has been thinking of the Communist challenge almost wholly in the negative terms of self-defense, but this defense, in itself, will not ensure victory. Only when the statesmen of the free world give the people the spiritual truths—only then, will we be able to justify calling the war against the perverted religion of Communism, a crusade. The restoration of a spiritual and moral order can make the world, not only worth defending, but a world which by its spiritual power can undermine the aggression of the new barbarians. And when this takes place, I have no doubt that the British people will be fighting alongside their American cousins.

GERRY SHERRY.

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Incident in Korea

By JEROME SMILEY

IN NOVEMBER 1946 I was sent to Korea with other army occupation troops and was stationed with the 7th Medical Battalion in the outskirts of Seoul. Eagerly I looked forward to exploring the strange land, and when, early in December, I received my first weekend pass, I took a map of Seoul, a Korean language guide, and a camera and set out. Down the dirt road, past the oxen and the pack horses driven by Koreans in torn white pants, past the women in their long white dresses, their hair parted in the middle and done up in a single knot with a long hairpin through it, balancing huge baskets of laundry and food on their heads, past schoolgirls in their white blouses and black skirts, through the great east gate with its huge bronze bell, and into the heart of the city. I walked past women sitting on the sidewalks next to trays of pork, noodles, dried and smoked fish, rice, beans and chestnuts.

Early in the afternoon I wandered into the east end of the city to look at the Cathedral of St. Paul, its tower with a big clock reaching upward imposingly over the city. I strolled down a narrow path behind the cathedral, and reached a point where the ground sloped down to a group of buildings clustered together. Several small Korean girls were playing nearby. They would be a good subject for a picture, I thought, and walked towards them.

When I came within a few feet of the girls, however, they giggled nervously and ran behind the largest of the buildings. I raced after them and suddenly stumbled into a Korean nun, who looked at me in amazement for a moment and then smiled. Flabbergasted, I stood there helpless and smiled back weakly. Then I quickly flipped open my Korean language guide to the section on greetings. The first useful phrase was a phonetic translation for "I greet you for the first time."

"Chuh-soom perp-soom-nee dah," I said to her awkwardly.

She repeated the greeting and then motioned me to follow her into the large building. I went after her into a waiting room. She indicated that I was to sit down and wait and then left me. I looked about the immaculate but scantily furnished room. A huge oak table and six chairs filled most of the space. The religious objects on the table and the pictures on the wall made me realize that in some way the house must be connected with the cathedral up the path. Suddenly I heard voices and a few seconds later a tall, thin nun with sparse white hair and a long angular face came into the room.

JEROME SMILEY *studied at Columbia Teachers College and at the City College of New York. He is now teaching in the New York public school system.*

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"Bonjour, corporal," she said, "Je suis Mère Beatrice."

My mouth fell open.

She smiled at me benevolently. "Parlez-vous français?"

Struggling to make use of my four years of college French, I answered slowly and hesitantly.

She began speaking very slowly, realizing my difficulty, and asked me questions about the army and the United States. As I was struggling to make my answers intelligible, a nun came into the room and stopped dead when she saw me.

"An American soldier. Well, imagine that. Good afternoon."

Hearing my native tongue in such a completely foreign environment amazed me.

"You speak English," I said, "and what's more you're Irish. Would you explain all this to me—first a Korean nun, then a French reverend mother, and now you. I'm just a little bewildered."

She came over and sat down next to me.

★

"I GUESS it would seem odd to a stranger," she said. "You see, this is a branch of the St. Paul's Orphanage of Paris. There are six sisters here taking care of the girls, four Korean nuns, the reverend mother and myself. I am Sister Patrick. This branch was founded forty years ago by Mère Beatrice."

"You mean she's been here for forty years? It's hard to believe. Doesn't she miss France at all?"

"Yes, for as long as I've known her, she's longed to return and is continually making plans and arrangements. But at the last minute she always finds it impossible to break away from the children; and so she puts it off until next year, and then the year after. She's been here for forty years now. I am a comparative newcomer. I've been here for ten years."

She stood up and opened the door. "Would you like to see the children while you are here?"

"Are they the ones I saw playing outside the building before?"

"Yes, those must have been some of our girls."

"I'd like to very much, if I may."

She led me down the path to the children's quarters.

"How many children do you have here?" I asked.

"Two hundred—all girls. We keep them from infancy, if it so happens that they come that young, until they are married, if they live that long."

"What do you mean, 'if they live that long?'"

"You will see for yourself what I mean."

Sister Patrick opened the door to the first tiny, one-storied building and we stepped into the narrow vestibule. Sliding doors opened when she knocked and a Korean nun stood there.

"We have come to see the children, Sister."

★

THE nun motioned us into the tiny room. I peered into the dimness. The room was completely bare of furniture except for one chair. Children lay all over the floor, silent, still, their faces vacant, with slanting eyes staring blankly up at the ceiling.

"Do the children sleep here?" I asked in a low voice.

"Forty children sleep in this room, corporal," replied Sister Patrick.

"Forty of them? You can't mean that—why this room isn't twenty by twenty."

"They sleep in rows on the floor," she replied.

"But why don't they talk or play? They just lie there."

"They are slowly starving to death. They have to conserve what little energy their food gives them."

"Starving? But why?" I asked.

"You see," she answered, "before the war we used to get all our supplies from France. But now, with conditions in France what they are, they have been unable to send anything at all. When the Japanese ruled Korea, we were able to secure some supplies from them—just enough to keep us going. In return they took our girls when they began to show signs of maturity." She paused. "And now that the American army is here—well, you know what army red tape is like—some weeks we get food, some weeks we do not."

While she was speaking, one of the little girls toddled over to me and touched my hand. I bent down and picked her up. She flung her arms around me.

"That's Josephine," said Sister Patrick, "she's very affectionate."

I stroked the tiny head, the hair completely shaven off in back.

"Her arms, sister, they're like sticks of wood."

"Now you see what I mean, Corporal. We keep them until they are married, if they live that long."

I felt in my pockets, found a chocolate bar and put it into Josephine's hand. The girl looked at it wide-eyed and glanced up at the nun.

"Better give her a piece, and give some to the others," Sister Patrick advised me.

I began to unwrap the paper. Immediately I was surrounded, slanting eyes gazing up at me hopefully. Bewildered, I gave out the chocolate as far as it would go.

"I have no more," I said regretfully.

The children, not understanding, looked up at me beseechingly. I looked to the Sister in despair. She murmured a few words to them in Korean and they moved back.

"Will you tell them, Sister, that I will be back tomorrow with candy for them all?"

She spoke to the little girls again, and they began to babble excitedly.

I looked at the one I was still holding. "And tell Josephine that I will bring her something special."

The next day I was back, with chocolate bars for them all, and a big bunch of grapes for Josephine. I watched as she put five of the grapes in her pocket, and distributed the rest, carefully pulling them off, one by one. If only my sister sends me a package this week, I thought, as I watched the girls eating the chocolate in tiny nibbles, to make it last longer.

And five days later the package came. I brought it to the orphanage the following Saturday.

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In the next few issues of the battalion newspaper I wrote articles about the conditons existing at the orphanage and asked for contributions. Slowly the idea grew, and the soldiers began to contribute, little items at first, and later on packages, supplies and money. Soon there was an understood code in the battalion. Every winner of the nightly poker games contributed twenty percent of his winnings to the orphans. So many packages began pouring into my office that I went down to the motor pool and arranged to take a truck down to the orphanage every Saturday.

"Come and see where your supplies are going," I suggested in the newspaper. And they went, at first only the privates, then the sergeants, and finally the lieutenants. When Harrison, the mess sergeant, came back from the orphanage on Saturday, he told me to invite forty of the orphans to lunch. Trucks rolled down to the orphanage the following Wednesday. The nuns came with the girls, their faces scrubbed clean, and their ragged clothes spotless.

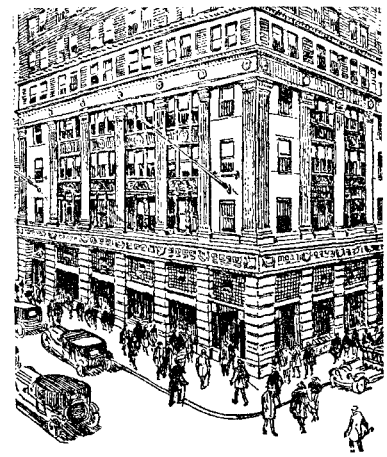
★

THE mess sergeant outdid himself: there was tomato juice, chicken soup, roast beef, potatoes, peas, bread and butter, ice cream and milk. The girls had never seen butter before, and most of them did not know what to do with it. Some tried to mash it on their plates like potatoes, while others tried to eat it in chunks, like roast beef. The nuns beamed, and kept admonishing the girls to watch their manners.

The entire battalion turned out to say goodbye later. Before they went, Sister Patrick raised her hands for silence, whispered a word in Korean, and the forty girls began to sing the words to "God Bless America." Some of the fellows turned away, embarrassed by their emotions.

Each week the truck carried more and more food and more and more good will. Slowly I came to know the ways of the children. Whenever a soldier would come into a room with a package and yell "chow line," there was an immediate rush to get into single file. The girls cupped their hands, received their food, murmured "Kawmawp-soom-nee dah," smiled and moved on.

I came also to know the ways of the nuns: the Korean nun Sister Clothilde, who always fluttered her hands excitedly when she opened the door for me, once spent three weeks locked in a room with thirty children when smallpox broke out in one of the buildings; the reverend mother Mère Beatrice, who prayed for better days, and who burst into tears the day the battalion sent down five hundred yards of silk to make uniform dresses for all the girls; and Sister Patrick, the witty, green-eyed Irish nun, who eagerly planned the futures of the children with me, who made timid suggestions as to things I might ask the soldiers for, who sat with me on a bench in the late Saturday afternoons, she telling stories about Ireland and how she hoped to return there for a visit if better times ever came to St. Paul's; and I, holding Josephine on my knee, and teaching a group of older girls to sing American folk songs.



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FIVE months slipped by, and one day, early in March, a group of us received orders to report to the replacement depot the following Tuesday for shipment back to the States.

"That's wonderful," said Sister Patrick, when I told her. "How lucky you are to be going home."

But as I drove the jeep back to the battalion that evening, my joy was sobered by thoughts of how the orphanage would fare after we left.

That Saturday, for the last time, I grasped the heavy lead knocker and rapped it against the orphanage door. After a moment the Korean nun, Sister Clothilde, opened the door, gave me a broad smile, and ushered me into the waiting room. I paced up and down. This was the last time, the last time I would pace the waiting room, waiting for the footsteps of Sister Patrick and Mère Beatrice, the last time I would stroll down the path with them to the children's quarters, the last time I would be able to please little Josephine by giving her a chocolate.

A few minutes later the door burst open and Sister Patrick came running into the room. We set out down the path to the children's quarters, both of us silent. When we reached the end of the path and were about to enter the building, she turned to me. "I told the girls this was the last day. They have planned a surprise."

I saw the girls, standing in rows, resplendent in their new white and green dresses that the battalion silk had made. Josephine, a huge bow in her shiny black hair, ran over to me from her place in the front row and placed a small package in my hand.

"It's a farewell gift that the girls have worked on," said Sister Patrick. "Go ahead and open it."

I undid the package and saw two embroidered handkerchiefs. The first was an embroidered map of the grounds of St. Paul's, and the second was embroidered with a huge, elaborately detailed red and green dragon.

At a signal from the Korean nun, the girls began to sing quietly some of the songs I had taught them.

"I must go now," I said to Sister Patrick. I picked up Josephine, kissed her cheek, and put her down gently. She ran to the Korean nun and buried her face in the nun's skirt. I went from the room and waited outside. A few seconds later Sister Patrick came out of the building and said, "Come, the sisters are waiting at the gate to say goodbye."

I looked up the path and saw the black and white of their habits standing out against the cloudless blue sky.

"Ahn-n'yung-hee keh-sip-see-yaw, Sister Clothilde," I said.

The Korean nun returned my farewell.

"Au revoir, Mère Beatrice."

"Dieu vous benisse, mon fils," she murmered as I embraced her.

And finally Sister Patrick.

"What can I say to you, Sister? I shall never forget you, or the children, or the orphanage."

She flung her arms around me and then quickly went away.

I walked down the path then, and tried to lose myself in the lonely, bustling city.

The Screen

PASSING THE BUCK

"COUNTERFEITING started right after the first use of money," we are informed during the documentary-like introduction to a delightful new film called "*Mister* 880." Although this film is actually based on facts (taken from an article by St. Clair McKelway in *The New Yorker*) it drops its documentary style after a few opening scenes showing the Treasury Department's operators poring over files and then moaning over one case in particular. This case, which they call Mister 880 (after its file number) has had the Secret Service baffled for some ten years. They're awfully annoyed that they can't catch up with this man whose counterfeiting is limited to one dollar bills; but what really infuriates them is that this inept counterfeiter spells Washington's name WAHSINGTON.

Robert Riskin's well-written script concentrates on this counterfeiter, (played by Edmund Gwenn as a toothless old codger with so much charm that the film fairly radiates with sweetness and warmth) and his neighbor (Dorothy Maguire in her best light style as an interpreter at the UN) and a Secret Service man newly assigned to the exasperating case (Burt Lancaster substituting a coy touch for his usual toughness). Burt gets on Dorothy's trail when the very generous and fair-minded Gwenn slips a couple of his phonies into her purse. It must be said in favor of writer Riskin and Director Edmund Goulding, who has handled this whole piece with a nice mixture of realism, that they don't let the romance between Dorothy and Burt run away with the plot. Romance is there all right, but it is given a humorous tone by Dorothy, who of course doesn't know that Gwenn is Mister 880 so she kids Burt along.

"Mister 880" really swings into its best scenes after the climax when kindly old Gwenn is apprehended. At the trial he naively admits his crimes and puts his prosecutors and the Court into a dither by being so amazingly sweet about the whole thing. He made these one dollar bills, of course, but he really meant no harm; and he thinks he actually saved the government money because he passed only fifty of his bills a month and since he was 73 years old and a war veteran, he was entitled to a living in an old people's home, etc., etc. You'll probably find yourself in the same quandary judging Mister 880 as are the Court and the Treasury Department and everyone else. And you'll be completely won to this picture about him.

★

I DON'T think "*State Secret*" is a picture you'll remember long after you leave the theatre, but it will give you a couple of exciting hours while you're there. The first part of its story may remind you of "Crisis," the Cary Grant film about a doctor who is forced to

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operate on a dictator. "State Secret" is an English film photographed on the Continent; its locale is vaguely named as Vosnia, but it could be any one of the little countries behind the Iron Curtain. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as a surgeon famous for his operating skill, is invited to this Vosnia place, and it isn't until his demonstration operation is well along that he realizes his patient on the table is General Niva himself. Most of the film is a chase affair and as thrilling as anything you'd want to see. Doug soon involves a music hall singer (Glynis Johns) and an underworld character (Herbert Lom) in his escape from this police state that will stop at nothing to gain its ends. You'll certainly get a good workout in helping our hero reach his freedom.

★

IF YOU prefer your thrillers in American uniform, you'll find *"Between Midnight and Dawn"* will give you a good crop of goose pimples as it reveals the hectic lives led by policemen who go about in prowl cars. Mark Stevens and Edmond O'Brien portray our heroes who risk their lives again and again to make the streets safe for the rest of us. I got a little tired of the triangular love stuff involving Gale Storm and the two boys, but the movie has enough realism to make you feel quite appreciative toward cops who don't accept bribes and who do tend to their perilous business.

And if you like your westerns a little different you'll find *"Saddle Tramp"* is something that's fun for the whole family. Joel McCrea plays a footloose cowboy who insists "It's responsibilities that kill people off." He has a bunch of responsibilities shoved into his lap when a friend dies and he has to take on four orphans. Obviously this picture gets a little soft at times, but Director Hugo Fregonese effectively contrasts the sentiment with the villainy that turns up later; and the whole movie succeeds in giving you all the outdoor horsiness of a good western combined with a pleasant human-interest plot.

★

"TWO FLAGS WEST" is one of those exceedingly handsome westerns with a starry cast, fast riding, gorgeous scenery—and a plot that you are always two jumps ahead of. It starts in the 1860s when Lincoln freed Confederate prisoners who would go out West and help fight Indians. So a Southern colonel (Joseph Cotton) and his men go to a fort in New Mexico where they find themselves in the midst of an intriguing situation involving the fort's very strange commander (Jeff Chandler), his sister-in-law (Linda Darnell) and a young captain who loves her (Cornel Wilde). As might be expected the Rebels desert this Union fort, but return at the height of an Indian attack. The outcome of the triangle is conventional, but the fighting scenes and the magnificent local color won't exactly allow you to fall asleep. Producer Casey Robinson and Director Robert Wise haven't made an epic masterpiece, but if you've never seen a western before, you'd think this is a pretty swell one.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

THIS IS FATHER LEO TRESE

whose article on Father Jacques Loew's

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The Stage

Season in the Sun

WOLCOTT GIBBS, drama critic of *The New Yorker,* has just written his first play, and a little note in the trade magazine *Variety* has it that a good many Broadway impressarios are unexpectedly delighted with its success. They hope it will make Mr. Gibbs so rich that he will retire from criticism. Actually, I think nearly everyone who follows the theatre was happy that "Season in the Sun" worked out well, and happy for less opportunistic reasons. There was, first of all, a great natural sympathy for a man who has got himself into Mr. Gibbs' position. Known as a waspish critic himself, and inexperienced as a playwright, he was offering himself up as victum to what might have been a mass revenge. Since no one really enjoys the spectacle of human sacrifice, even when Mr. Gibbs is to be the entree, a notable sigh of relief went up on Broadway.

Still more important, however, as an explanation of the enormous good will one felt toward the author is the fact that the legend of Mr. Gibbs' critical severity is, after all, only a legend. Being a man of wit and style, and being all too often confronted with theatrical objects which deserve the force of his wit if not the patience of his style, he has easily acquired the reputation of being a play-eater. Actually, he is nothing of the kind. He is not only a good critic, but even a good-natured one. He is perfectly able to kindle enthusiasm when enthusiasm is warranted, and he has the further virtue of being readable when the play under discussion isn't seeable. He suffers from the fact that he *is* witty, as though this were somehow a defect in a drama critic, and his supposed reputation would seem to give evidence that theatre workers like their criticism to be favorable or, if it cannot be favorable, dull. The fact of the matter, though, is that people in and around the theatre do understand, however intuitively and whatever they may themselves have suffered at his hands, the integrity and literary ebullience of Mr. Gibbs, and so wish him well.

His play, unlike his reputation as a reviewer, does not suffer from his wit. The wit is all there is to it. He has made a concession to narrative because he has heard, and seen, that some sort of plotting is necessary. But he isn't really interested in the plotting and he does it in occasional and rather broad jumps. He tells, or refuses to tell, the story of a *New Yorker* writer who convinces himself that he must get back to 'the roots of the people' by abandoning his sophisticated existence and holing up solemnly on Fire Island, and of the counter-reformation which is effected upon him. This is a perfectly possible plot but, as I say, it is only a nuisance to Mr. Gibbs. What interests him, and the audience as it turns out, is the procession of visiting character types, both from Fire Island and from the metropolis, together with the very funny lines they are given to say. "Season in the Sun" isn't really a coordinated play; but the laughter is real, and that's something to be thankful for. Mr. Gibbs may himself be thankful for Burgess Meredith's understanding direction and Boris Aaronson's set. (*At the Cort.*)

Black Chiffon

THIS importation from England by Lesley Storm reveals, and I think suffers from, two important characteristics of the contemporary theatre. It is small, and it is clinical. The act which sets it going is the theft of a black chiffon nightgown from a department store. The theft is performed by a reasonably well-to-do and apparently normal woman. What makes this trivial, and even faintly ludicrous, situation dramatically possible is, of course, the exploration of the motives behind it. But the act itself is a neurotic one, and the structure of the motivation must be neurotically devious and errant rather than universal.

This kind of pseudo-psychiatric investigation can be fascinating on occasion, as case studies are almost always fascinating. But because the woman is quite literally out of touch with reality, it is difficult for us to get in touch with her. Because the thing she does is the specialized act of the neurotic, it is difficult for us to share it with her. I am not suggesting that all the rest of us are sane and healthy people, although we do tend to assume that we are when we go to the theatre, but that good drama is based on what we have in common rather than on what isolates us. "Black Chiffon," like all psychiatric drama, is a study in isolation and as such, in spite of a skilful performance from Flora Robson, cannot move us by an appeal to common experience. The result is a kind of dramatic exercise, meticulously performed, but without warmth. (*At the 48th St.*)

WALTER KERR.

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Of Note

Attack from the Left

TO MARK the 100th anniversary of the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy in England, *The Tablet* (128 Sloane Street, S. W. 1, London) published a special commemorative issue, featuring articles by Douglas Woodruff, Christopher Dawson, Ronald A. Knox, Christopher Hollis and other outstanding writers. Here is an excerpt from the article "Socialism and the Church" written by J. M. Cameron.

Throughout Europe the Labor movement has in great part been alienated from the Church and from Christianity. Trade union and Socialist officials, and politically active working men, have commonly been believers in a mythology in which the Church is the cunning ally of the capitalist class, stupefying the masses with consoling fictions. Equally, it must be remarked, great numbers of Catholics—the *bien pensants* so ferociously attacked by Péguy and, later, by Bernanos — have been odiously satisfied with a society thoroughly materialist in its values and have thus lent the mythology some substance.

The failure of Catholics—the Protestant failure was, outside Great Britain, even greater—to lead and to Christianize the Labor movement has many historical causes: the alliance between Throne and Altar that was rather Gallican, even Lutheran, than Catholic; the poverty of theological culture represented by the neglect of the Fathers and of St. Thomas; the ghetto mentality that was at some times and in some places a consequence of the Counter-Reformation period; these and many other factors may be listed. To only a limited degree was the failure an intellectual one, an inability to meet and to overcome the philosophical criticism of religion advanced by Socialist thinkers; but the intellectual failure is there, and one may say that it had three causes. First, there is a certain failure of the historical sense, a blindness to the fact that humanity had entered a new and tragic epoch. Secondly, there is a failure to understand both the nature of the Socialist criticism of religion and the social experience which rendered it plausible. And, thirdly, there is an inability to work out and to present with force and imagination a Catholic social doctrine which would be a serious rival to the doctrine of Socialism. Such failures are the failures of the Catholic body in general. Our spiritual leaders, notably a succession of great and holy Popes from Leo XIII down to our own day, have been thoroughly sensitive to the demands of the time: it is the general body of the faithful who have—whether culpably or not it is perhaps unimportant to determine—been blind and deaf.

Outside those countries, in any case primitive in relation to the development of capitalism, where Anarchism and Syndicalism have had a certain vogue, and outside Great Britain, Marxism has supplied the European Labor movement with a philosophy and a fighting creed. This has often been a vulgarized Marxism, especially in the matter of religion.

The Marxian critique of religion is altogether subtler than that of the Enlightenment. Whereas for the men of the Enlightenment religion, or at least Christianity, was intellectual error, to be exorcized by national criticism and debate, for the Marxists religion was a necessary product of human society as it had hitherto been constituted, as much a part of social culture as philosophy and art. Religion was the "estrangement"—so the Marxists, following Feuerbach, gave a new application to one of the Hegelian categories—of man from his true nature; but it was not something optional, a curious intellectual blunder encouraged for their own profit by kings and priests; it was the distorted reflection in the human mind of a social and economic order that did not as yet permit man to face and to endure his loneliness in a universe without a Creator.

The attack upon religion is therefore not primarily intellectual criticism and the propagation of atheism, but the construction of a society within which (it is believed) religion can strike no nourishing roots. In practice—this is nowhere more evident than in the Soviet Union—the Marxists are children of the Enlightenment and retain a belief in the efficacy of the worn-out arguments that are the stock-in-trade of the rationalist tub-thumper. Often, as in France, they have clung to the coat-tails of the anti-clerical *bourgeoisie,* mouthing its slogans and subscribing to its myths, thereby suggesting ignorance of or disbelief in their own doctrine. But even where the anti-religious propaganda of the Marxists has done no more than repeat the commonplaces of the Enlightenment, it has drawn immense power from the imaginative setting in which it has been placed: the vision of history as a great drama in which the most suffering class of modern society redeems the whole of mankind through that victory over the powers of darkness which is the proletarian revolution. That this is itself a religious myth, with devotees and martyrs in plenty—this point need not be labored. The whole history of Europe since 1848 is a demonstration of it. The moral for Catholics is surely that a religious myth of such charm can only be overcome by a sensitive, imaginative, and deeply *lived* presentation of the true religion, a presentation showing that those fragments of truth which exist in shadow and out of context in Marxism beautifully and radiantly emerge in an integral Catholicism.

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Books

Why War Came in Korea. Robert T. Oliver. Fordham University Press. $2.95.

THE author of this latest contribution to the abundant polemical literature on Korea obviously considers himself a prophet heretofore without honor. Beginning in 1942, as an official agent for Dr. Syngman Rhee, he urged that the United States recognize Dr. Rhee's regime as the legitimate government of all Korea. To the fact that the State Department failed, out of fear that any such unilateral action might offend the Soviet Union, to follow Dr. Oliver's advice shortly after Pearl Harbor, he attributes a major portion of the blame for the postwar division of the country and the emergence of an aggressive Communist government in the north.

He depicts Dr. Rhee himself in the brightest of colors as a patriot, a liberal, and a democrat. Indeed, he castigates almost everyone else: the Russians for their ruthless communization of North Korea, the North Koreans for their appeal to arms, the American Military Government in South Korea for its ineptitude, the State Department for its indifference and timidity, and the nations of Western Europe for their exploitation of their Asiatic colonies.

Obviously this is an *ex parte* argument. Dr. Oliver's unbounded admiration for Syngman Rhee's government is shared, as far as my knowledge goes, by few Americans who have watched it in operation and is by no means universal among the Koreans themselves. Clyde Mitchell, the American who administered the limited program of land reform instituted by the Military Government, has this to say of Dr. Rhee's approach to the same fundamental problem: "Three-fourths of the tenants' land was owned by rich Korean landlords—and the reactionary government of Korea, which our army occupation supported and brought into power, refused to finish the land-reform job which we Americans started." That is, it refused until the spring of 1950, when the Red armies were already poised along the 38th parallel. Among the numerous arbitrary acts of Rhee's government which find no place in Dr. Oliver's book is the arrest, on the eve of a general election, of thirty candidates for the National Assembly (see The New York *Times,* May 30-31, 1950).

MR. OLIVER is on somewhat more solid ground when he excoriates the recent policies of Russia, the United States, and the nations of Western Europe in the Far East. He might as well proclaim, like Calvin Coolidge's preacher, his unalterable opposition to sin, for he would find few informed men to quarrel with him. He would find many such, however, who would join this reviewer in protesting against the numerous misstatements and distortions of historic fact with which his book abounds.

Fall Book Number

NEXT WEEK the annual Fall Book Number of The Commonweal will present reviews of a number of the season's featured general books. It will supply suggestions for reading in coming weeks (and for Christmas gifts)—through these reviews, through literary articles and publishers' announcements.

Among the books to be discussed in the October 27 issue are: Evelyn Waugh, *Helena,* reviewed by Joe Dever; Erich Fromm, *Psychoanalysis and Religion,* reviewed by Rudolf Allers; William A. Wood, *Our Ally: the People of Russia,* reviewed by John Cournos; Brendan Gill, *The Trouble of One House,* reviewed by John Cogley; G. K. Chesterton, *The Common Man,* reviewed by Ed Willock; *The Edith Wharton Treasury,* reviewed by Wayne Andrews; Joyce Cary, *A Fearful Joy,* reviewed by Carol H. Weiss.

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Dr. Oliver is rather ignorant of the history of Far Eastern countries other than Korea. For example, he states that American, British, and French forces suppressed the Taiping Rebellion, the bloodiest war fought anywhere in the world in the nineteenth century, which raged in China from about 1850 until 1864, and restored the Manchu dynasty to power. Apparently Dr. Oliver has never heard of the able Chinese generals, such as Tseng Kuo-fan, who, with valuable but not decisive aid from foreign sources, suppressed the rebellion. Again, Dr. Oliver makes the fantastic assertion that foreign nations, led by the British, "fomented and supported" the so-called Meiji Restoration of 1868, which "restored" the emperor and ushered in the modernization of Japan. So far is this from being the truth that the slogan of the emperor's supporters, Japanese to a man, was the cry "Honor the emperor, expel the foreigners."

A book which crowds into a few pages as many erroneous statements of fact and as many tendentious judgments as does this one can hardly be recommended to a public already harassed by a barrage of unreliable information on events of the highest importance.

HAROLD C. HINTON.

Poets of the English Language. Edited by W. H. Auden and Norman Holmes Pearson. Viking Portable Library. 5 volumes, $2.50 each.

THOUGH this may not be the very best comprehensive anthology of English poetry so far produced, it has some claims to be regarded as precisely that. Perhaps the simplest way of reviewing it is by comparing it with its famous predecessor, T. H. Ward's *English Poets,* also in five volumes. There are two editors here, as against over fifty in the older work, including Matthew Arnold, Gosse, Saintsbury, Swinburne, Thomas Hardy, and Ward himself; moreover the Ward volumes, though omitting all Americans, contain not only about sixty more poets, but more poetry, though rarely, if ever, using a long poem in its entirety, or even in considerable excerpts.

However, the new anthology is cheaper, more compact, and, in general, fresher in outlook. Its principal defect is that, in their anxiety to present newly discovered material (so that they may be complimented on doing better by Christopher Smart than has any previous collection), the editors have inflicted upon us some rather obscure poets of American Colonial times, among them Edward Taylor, who is given twenty pages when he does not deserve even one. Nevertheless, in spite of a few such imperfections, this anthology stands every chance of becoming the one in general use, more or less superseding all others.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

Saints, Sinners, and Psychiatry. Camilla M. Anderson. Lippincott. $2.95.

THE AUTHOR, an M. D. and an Assistant Professor of Psychiatry at the University of Utah, presents a theory of behavior in non-technical language, destined to enable the average man to understand why he behaves as he does. The title, however, is misleading. There is nothing in the book on either sinners or saints, for the simple reason that these terms are meaningless to the author. She explains how a person comes to develop certain attitudes, how the conditions of childhood fashion him, how he takes over the evaluations and ideas of others, and makes these so much part of himself that he fails to realize what their original significance had been; and he fails to recognize the fact that they have lost that significance and should be abandoned but are not abandoned because they are not known to the individual himself. Much of this discussion is to the point and will prove useful. There is no talk about instincts and the other implements of Freudian psychoanalysis. The many brief case histories are instructive.

So far as the book deals with the analysis of behavior problems and with discovering their origin, it is worth while reading. But it becomes objectionable once the author proceeds to outlining a definite theory of normal behavior. Her conception of virtue has to be qualified as highly distorted. No serious moralist would recognize virtue, as he understands it, in the picture drawn by the author. The reason is, probably, the same as with many other more or less amazing ideas proposed by psychiatrists: they know much of abnormal behavior, conflicts, maladjustment, and the like, but not enough of the normal personality. A man who is able to solve his problems and to walk his way, the inevitable difficulties notwithstanding, does not seek out the psychiatrist. So, the latter's notion of things human is often biased. The author advocates a "realistic" approach to life rather than a "moralistic" one. She fails to see that morality is in fact as realistic as anything.

Like other psychiatrists, she is also hampered by an all too subjectivistic view. For her, the only motivation of human behavior is the desire to escape anxiety and to achieve security. Nobody will question that this is a powerful factor. But it is not the only one. There are ends which are not dependent on subjective conditions. Man does things because they have to be done. He serves a cause, his country, God, not to avoid anxiety but to do his duty, even if by doing so he risks falling prey to anxiety. The author refers to the many unavoidable "entanglements" in which man is involved. These entanglements are for her only those of social existence. But human life is involved not only in social situations but in ideas too.

Apart from these serious and regrettable defects, there is much good in this volume. The analysis of the nature and role of the image everyone has of himself is particularly well done. A critical reader may profit from perusing the book. But it may have a rather deleterious influence on anyone not sufficiently acquainted with the subject matter.

RUDOLF ALLERS.

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Nook Farm. Kenneth R. Andrews. Harvard. $4.75.

THE first offering on the academic altar by Kenneth R. Andrews, a young member of the Harvard Business School faculty, this book is a literary history of Mark Twain and his Hartford cohorts of the 1870 to 1890 period.

In brief, Mr. Andrews' work runs as follows: prior to 1870, Nook Farm, the choicest residential section of Hartford, was the serene abode of such personages as Twain, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Charles Dudley Warner, and Isabella Beecher Hooker. They spent their time visiting one another and debating the important affairs of the day. All was sweetness and light until a number of disrupting events shook the placid intellectual and social stability of their little community.

Perhaps the most important event of all was the break away from New England Calvinism instigated by Horace Bushnell, the liberal preacher. According to Mr. Andrews, Bushnell undermined the unity of the community when he repudiated Congregationalism and substituted for it a personal and optimistic faith in God. In no time at all, Bushnell's religious declaration of independence —coupled with the rise of new cults and a changing America—succeeded in creating an atmosphere of intense confusion and complexity. The inhabitants of Nook Farm found themselves faced with turbulence at every turn, and in their desperate efforts to avoid a confusing world, they summoned up the remembrance of things past. Mr. Andrews contends that it was from such strong nostalgia that Mark Twain created *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn.*

Unfortunately, Mr. Andrews' work has two counts against it. First of all, *Nook Farm* is horribly gushy —Mr. Andrews writes with all the fervor of a Peoria spinster attending a summer session at Columbia Teachers College. Secondly, Mr. Andrews not only lets his pedantic side get the best of him, but at times it absolutely overpowers him. He often goes to ludicrous lengths to substantiate a point.

To cite one instance: before Mr. Andrews musters the courage to inform the reader that "the architecture and decoration of all the houses in Nook Farm were twenty years ahead of the unimaginative austerity then characteristic of most urban middle-class homes in America," he drags the reader through four interest-defying pages to tell him that "the main entrance [of Mark Twain's house] faced the back property of the houses on the east," and that the hausfraus of Nook Farm followed Harriet Beecher Stowe's advice when "they dispensed with stoves in favor of central hot-air heating and replaced earth-closets with flush toilets." And, oh yes, in Charles Dudley Warner's house "the comfortable, heavily cushioned chairs and divans, in contrast to a background of stiffer mahogany pieces and bookshelves, were pulled to the center of the living rooms."

ROBERT HAMILTON BOYLE.

The Legacy of Gabriel Martel. Marie L. Nowinson. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3.

THIS is the very neatly executed story of a lawyer, an essentially good man, trying to guide his life according to his ideals and to succeed materially at the same time. He comes to the realization, after having failed to be a worldly success, that each man is called to an individual destiny, and each man is set a different goal. Hence he finds that he has succeeded simply by helping those of his needy clients for whom he has won cases.

The narrative follows his career and since the book makes no claim to excitement or drama, it is a restful quietude, rather than tedium, which pervades the whole.

In the background of the story are Martel's four children, all of whom fail him in some way. Whether Mrs. Nowinson means the blame for their failure to fall on Martel, because of his seeming indifference to them due to his preoccupation with law, or whether the blame is on the individual personalities of his children, all of whom seem to share with their father a certain chilly self-concentration, is an ambiguity that gives the book both depth and reality.

In contrast to the quiet and understated bulk of the book, there is a passage concerning the self-exile of Martel's favorite son that is drawn with real excitement. Although the son's Communism is pretty much unexplained, Mrs. Nowinson displays a keen dramatic sense in treating of a young man on his own in a hard world.

Having faults of unevenness and excessive patness, the book is still a good selection for the Christopher award because it does what it sets out to do: a character is shown in relation to his church, his family, and his community, and is shown through the medium of his profession, the law. He is not a plaster saint. The book does not preach. It reflects a particle of truth in its own way, and is thus, a good novel.

JOAN RICE.

• REVIEWERS •

HAROLD C. HINTON is one of the authors of the official War Department history of the Korean Occupation.

THEODORE MAYNARD is the author of the recently published *The Cross and the Crown,* a study of Cromwell.

RUDOLF ALLERS, professor of psychology at Georgetown, is the author of *The Psychology of Character* and *The Successful Error.*

ROBERT HAMILTON BOYLE recently completed graduate studies in the social sciences at Yale. He is now on active duty as a Marine officer.

JOAN RICE is a student at Radcliffe.

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